

ROSEANNE BARR ANSWERS HER CRITICS

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

©

DECEMBER 1990

**CHRISTIAN BRANDO'S LOVER
TELLS (AND SHOWS) ALL!**

WHAT YOUR GIRLFRIEND REALLY WANTS:
EVEN THOUGH SHE'LL NEVER TELL YOU

THE SOVIET EMPIRE'S SELF-DESTRUCTION:
BY HARRISON E. SALISBURY

\$5.50

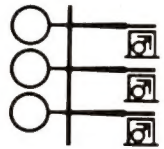


PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men/December 1990 Worldwide sales: 5,000,000*

EDITOR IN CHIEF & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

VICE-CHAIRMAN: KATHY KEETON
EDITOR: PETER BLOCH
GRAPHICS DIRECTOR: FRANK DEVINO
MANAGING EDITOR: ROBERT SABAT
ART DIRECTOR, INT'L: JOE BROOKS
ART DIRECTOR: RICHARD BLEIWEISS



CONTENTS		PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction	4
FORUM	Correspondence	6
FAST FORWARD	Columns	
FILM	Marcia Pally	24
SPIRITS	Lavada Blanton	28
SOUNDS	Vin Scelsa	32
TRAVEL	Geoff Tabin	34
OUT TAKES	Comment	36
AMERICAN GRAFFITI	Diversions	38
BEN STEIN'S DAY OFF	Essay	40
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS	Lifestyles	42
U.S.A. CONFIDENTIAL	News	44
CALL ME MADAM	Service	46
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	53
HEALTH	Gary Null	54
WORDS	Charles Simmons	55
SCENES	Patrice Baldwin	56
ROLL OVER, LENIN ... TELL GORBACHEV THE NEWS	Article	58
TRACY AND DICK	Pictorial	67
ROSEANNE BARR	Interview	80
AMERICA'S TEN WORST CENSORS	Article	86
ALL HIS JAZZ: Bob Fosse	Article	92
DIANA	Pet of the Month	99
LET'S STOP BLAMING THE VICTIMS	Essay	114
JACKIE MARTLING'S JOKE BOOK	Humor	116
CHRISTIAN BRANDO: LOVING ON THE EDGE	Reportage	118
RIGHT STUFF: Ski Equipment	Service	126
WHAT WOMEN REALLY WANT FROM MEN	Article	128
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE	Satire	133
NAPEAGUE	Fiction	134
HARD BODIES	Pictorial	142
THE LAST BOSS	Profile	152
'YOU COULD HAVE AT LEAST GIFT-WRAPPED IT'	Satire	159
HARD TIMES	Humor	169
PARTING SHOT	Satire	172
X-RATED VIDEO	Service	222

Certain pictures and textual material in this edition may differ from that contained in copies circulated outside Canada due to the publisher's compliance with tariff code 9956 of the Canadian Customs Tariff.



Our cover features Pet of the Month Diana Van Laar, who was photographed by Philip Mond. Her pictorial begins on page 99.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. Volume 22, Number 4 © Copyright 1990 by Penthouse International, Ltd. All rights reserved. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Printed in U.S.A. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken, N.J. 08109. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Penthouse Magazine, P.O. Box 3039, Harlan, Iowa 51537-3039. Tel. (800) 289-7368. Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial and graphic matter and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to Penthouse magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part and may therefore be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—\$36 one year; Canada—\$46 one year; and elsewhere—\$46 one year. Single copies \$4.50 in U.S. and AFO (\$5.00 September, December, and January issues); \$5.00 in Canada (\$5.50 September, December, and January issues).

Advertising Offices: New York: Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100; Midwest: Penthouse, 333 North Michigan Ave., Suite 1810, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 346-9393; Washington, D.C.: Penthouse, 1725 K St. NW, Suite 903, Washington, D.C. 20006, Tel. (202) 728-0320; West Coast: Penthouse, 6728 Eton Ave., Canoga Park, Calif. 91303, Tel. (818) 992-4777. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.

*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

TRACY AND DICK





TO CATCH A THIEF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER



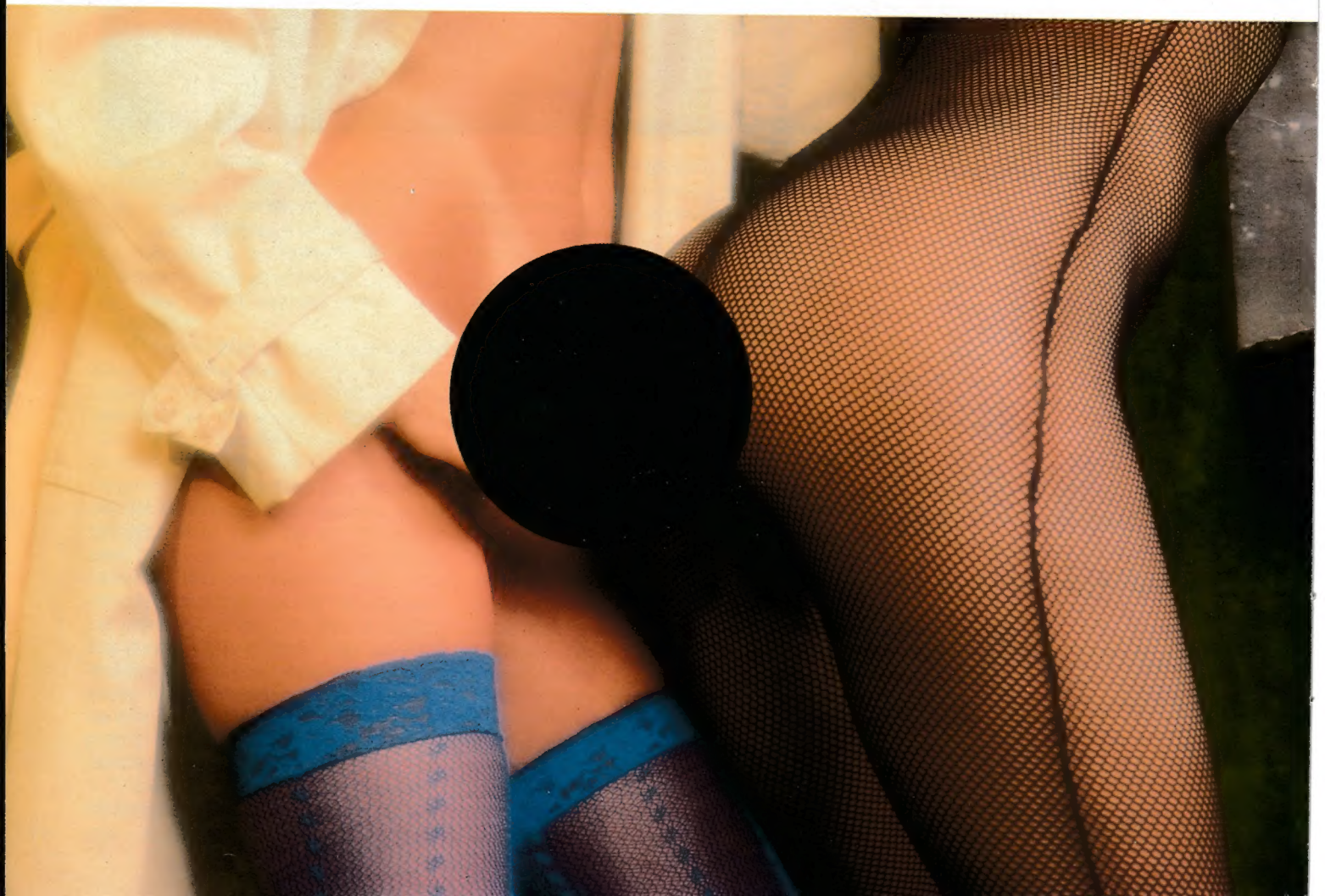
The night air lay cold and heavy over Chicago. There was something about it that Dick could almost taste. By day a secretary for a private investigator, she lived in a world of her own invention at night—a world of excitement and intrigue.

The players were always different, but the game was always the same. Dick was itchy, hot for a chase. At the sound of her two-way wristwatch, she felt a familiar shiver. "Dick, this is Tracy," purred a breathless voice. "Can you read me?" "Like a book, doll," Dick replied. Tracy! No. 1 on Dick's most-wanted list, she was a cool-handed lady who didn't miss a trick. "I just broke out of the joint and heisted some ice," Tracy said, "so come and get me, copper." This is one case that would bring its own special reward, Dick thought. She didn't get her name for nothing. She grabbed her hat and coat, carefully concealed her piece, and hit the pavement, hot on Tracy's scent.





Dick quickly cornered her prey in their own private speakeasy. "You make it too easy, Tracy," purred Dick. "It ain't over yet," the jailbird chirped. "This ain't the movies!"



"Where's the
loot?" Dick
demanded.
"My lips
are sealed,"
quipped
Tracy. Not
for long,
thought the
detective.
Not for long.





A strip and search was probably Dick's favorite part of the job, and she dove into it at the drop of a hat.



Knowing that her suspect packed a mean pair of 38s, though, meant she'd have to proceed carefully.





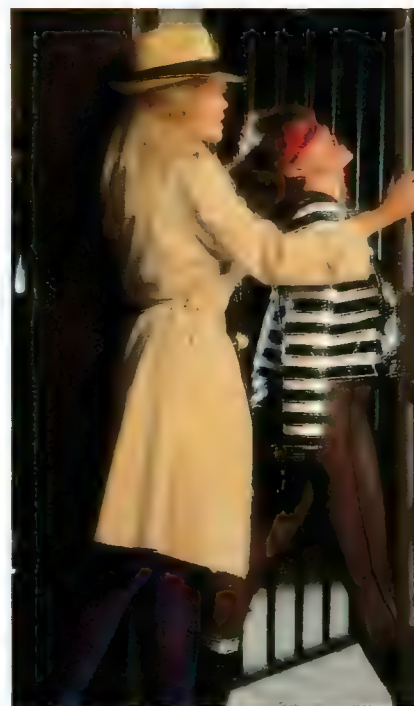


"I'm gonna
have to blow
you . . .
away," Dick
said. The
two wrestled
furiously as
Dick exam-
ined the evi-
dence, bared
the facts,
and found
the loot.





Tracy tried, vainly, to give Dick the slip, but it was the slammer for her. There'd be no pussyfooting on Dick's beat. 



**CONTINUED
NEXT
MONTH!**



DIANA

“When I want to make love with someone, I wait. But when it’s time, I give him that special look, that special kiss—men are very smart about that.”



“It’s a good feeling when men—
or even women—look at me in appreciation. It’s
nice to have that extra reinforcement.”



A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

An exotic desert island, crystal-clear waters, open blue skies, palm and banana trees, an intimate hut for two—so begins the favorite fantasy of our December Pet of the Month, Dutch-born-and-bred Diana Van Laar. “I enjoy imagining the fun we could have building a home and keeping ourselves occupied,” she explains. “It would be just like the movie *Blue Lagoon*.” In the real world,

Diana’s ideas about a romantic encounter are much more down-to-earth, though not a bit commonplace. “Although the perfect date—if money were no object—would be dinner in Paris, great champagne, and a luxury hotel suite, I can go to the corner store for an ice-cream soda and if the man is romantic, nice, and sweet to me, it would be just as heavenly.”

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP MOND



“After taking these pictures,
I feel like my whole
body is beautiful. I hope
that people will
see me and get pleasure.”



A successful fashion model in her native Holland, 21-year-old Diana hopes to reach a wider audience through *Penthouse*. "I would like to be a famous model all over the world, like Paulina." Madonna is a favorite of our Christmas Pet. "She is beautiful, has a great body, is strong sexually, *and* is a businesswoman," Diana explains. "She has been successful by herself and without care for others' opinions. Plus, I love her music."





"I was insecure about my looks when I was younger," Diana confesses, "but after taking these pictures, I feel like my whole body is beautiful. I hope that people will see me and get pleasure."



"It's a good feeling when men—or even women—look at me in appreciation," she adds. "I think I look good, but it's nice to have that extra reinforcement." With hobbies like jogging, horseback riding, and aerobics, Diana maintains her head-turning 36-24-35 figure easily.







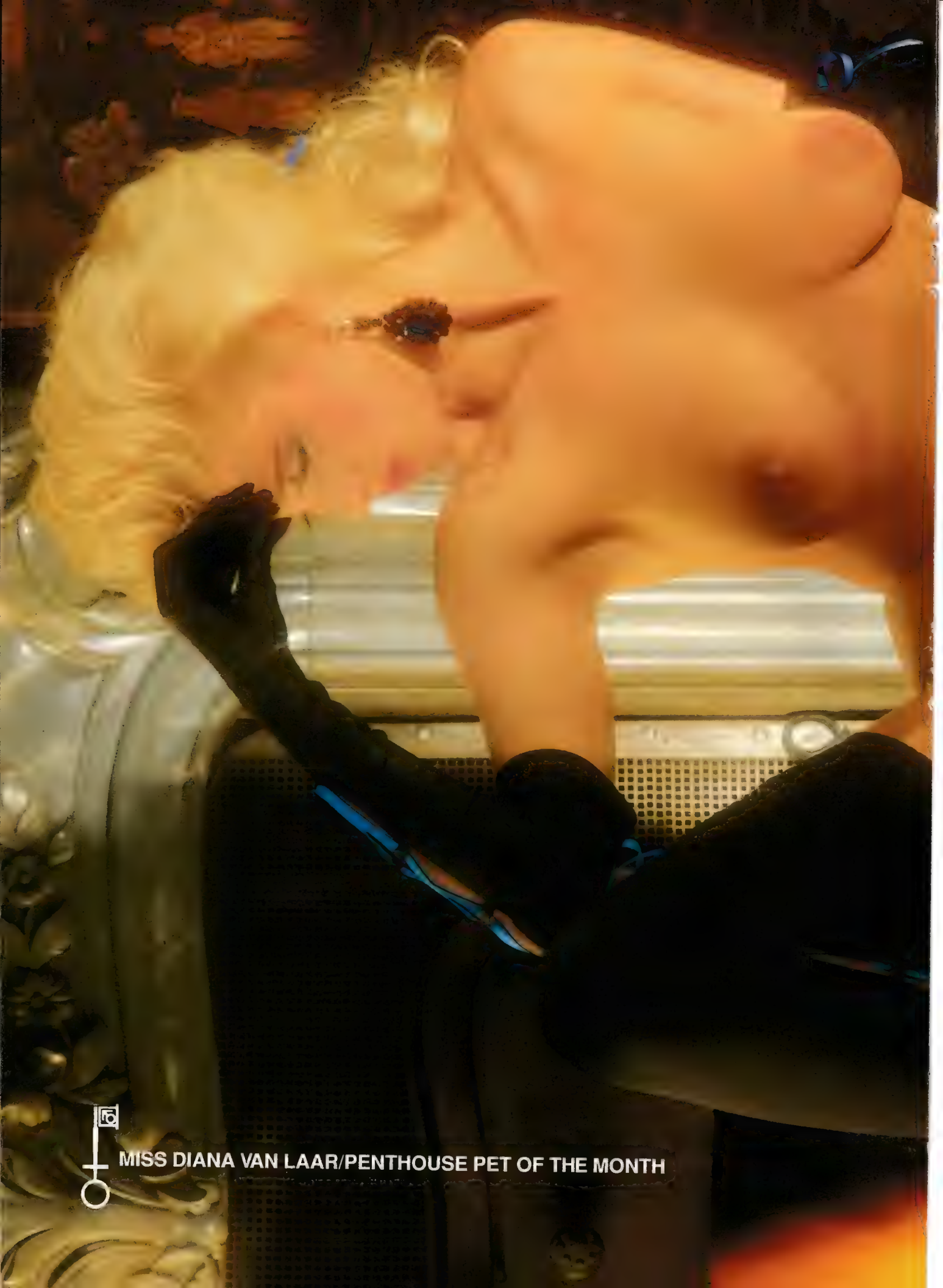
"I may have expensive tastes, but I'm happy with my life," she says. "I'm actually rather domestic. The wildest thing I've ever done is take my father's car without permission when I was a teenager and go joyriding."







"In many ways I'm just an old-fashioned girl," adds our yuletide Pet. "When I want to make love with someone, I make myself wait. But when it's time, I give him that special look, that special kiss—men are very smart about that."



MISS DIANA VAN LAAR/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



When Shirley Cumpanas met Marlon Brando's tormented son, she was married to another man . . . but she couldn't resist the adventure. Now the thrills are over and Shirley walks away from the nightmare into a new life that begins on these pages.

MY WILD AFFAIR WITH CHRISTIAN BRANDO

Two men are in a room, an argument breaks out, a gun is fired, and a bullet fatally makes its way into the neck of one of them. No big deal—ordinarily. Not in the last decade of twentieth-century America, where one more violent tragedy usually becomes just another statistic added to our soaring rate of homicides. The incident is one that could be reduced to a few lines in the back pages of the local newspaper, dismissed as rapidly as yesterday's weather report. Usually.

But when the shooting takes place in the home of Marlon Brando—America's greatest and most famous film star—and the accused is his son, a personal tragedy becomes an international sensation. For the first and only time in his life, Christian Brando's celebrity eclipses his father's. It is now a big deal.

"Where is a feather dropped by a sea gull on the heads of 2,000 persons going to land? There are too many unknowns." That was Marlon Brando's response when he was asked if the tragedy could have been averted.

The woman pictured on these pages has a different reaction to the events of that evening. Shirley Cumpanas, as Earl Miller's photographs attest, is an excit-



ing, sensual woman who loved—and still loves—the fast-lane thrills she's experienced. Everyone wants to know about Christian Brando now, and Shirley knows that this is her moment to seize the media spotlight. But, like many beautiful women, Shirley is also thrilled to turn men on. Knowing that *Penthouse's* millions of readers will be looking at these pictures gives Shirley some of the first happy and relaxing moments she's known since the fear and violence that had been building for years finally exploded in headlines.

There is no real disagreement about what happened on the night of May 16, 1990, inside Marlon Brando's 12-room house in the Santa Monica Mountains: While he was involved in a confrontation with Dag Drollet—the boyfriend of Christian's half-sister, Cheyenne, and the father of her then unborn child—a fatal shot

was fired from a gun in Christian's hand. The two men were alone in the living room at the time.

What is at issue is how that shot was fired. According to Los Angeles Deputy District Attorney Steven Barshop, "The case is criminal homicide." Christian disagrees: "We were both in a fit of rage, and the gun went

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



off. . . . We struggled, and blew—he's dead." The issue will be resolved legally in a Los Angeles courtroom, but whatever the outcome, Shirley will never forget the Christian she loved—or the Christian she feared.

She was Christian's friend for several years, and they were lovers for some of that time. In many ways Shirley's story provides insight not only into the tor-

tured man who was obsessed with her, but also into the seamy underside of our own obsession with stars and their families—and our cruel sport of forcing these often frail and damaged creatures into reflecting a fantasy existence. It was in her own quest for excitement and adventure that Shirley became involved with Christian Brando.

"I was in love and living with Chris-

tian's best friend, Bill Cable, when I met Christian in Tahiti," Shirley says. "There had been a big storm on one of the islands that Marlon owns and where he has a home. Bill and Christian were cutting down trees and cleaning up. Of course, I knew that Christian was Marlon Brando's son, but I was so head over heels in love with Bill, it didn't make much of an impression on me.



"I was the only woman on the island and I think it caused some tension between Bill and Christian. Christian was jealous and tried to cause friction all of the time. Once, Bill and I had an argument and he went off by himself to go spearfishing. I was angry and wanted to go home, but there was no way I could get off the island. Christian took advantage of the situation and



showed me a lot of sympathy. 'Oh, honey,' he would coo, 'what's the matter? Come, let's take a walk. You'll feel better.' There are about a million places on the island to get lost, and we wandered into one of the many vacant huts. Christian kept talking to





me, and one thing led to another—before I realized it, we were fucking. It was passionate, but a quickie. Christian, always the coward, was afraid that Bill would catch us in the act."

The brief sexual episode with Christian unnerved Shirley. "I knew that I was in love with Bill," she says, "but it was hard to put Christian out of my mind." Shirley decided to return home to California and remove herself from a dangerous situation. She had not heard from Bill or Christian in several weeks when she received a phone call from Cable. He and Christian were coming home for Thanksgiving and he wanted her to pick them up at the airport.

Waiting for the plane to arrive, Shirley felt somebody staring at her. "I was really decked out that day and getting extreme attention," she explains. "People really do stare at me, and it's something I'm used to. Most of the time, I never look back, but this time I got nervous. Somebody was *really* checking me out. It reached the point where I thought it was rude. It's okay to look at and admire a woman—that's great—but this guy was pacing around and stalking me.

"I got so pissed, I turned around and glared in his face. Oh my God, it was Marlon Brando! He got embarrassed when I looked at him and turned away. I tapped him on the shoulder and said, 'Hi, Marlon, I'm Shirley.' He smiled at me and was very polite. 'Shirley,' he said, 'it's so very nice to finally meet you.' I mention this because Marlon has the reputation of being a sullen and private person, yet we spoke for about an hour as we waited for the plane to arrive. He asked me a million questions and was fascinated when







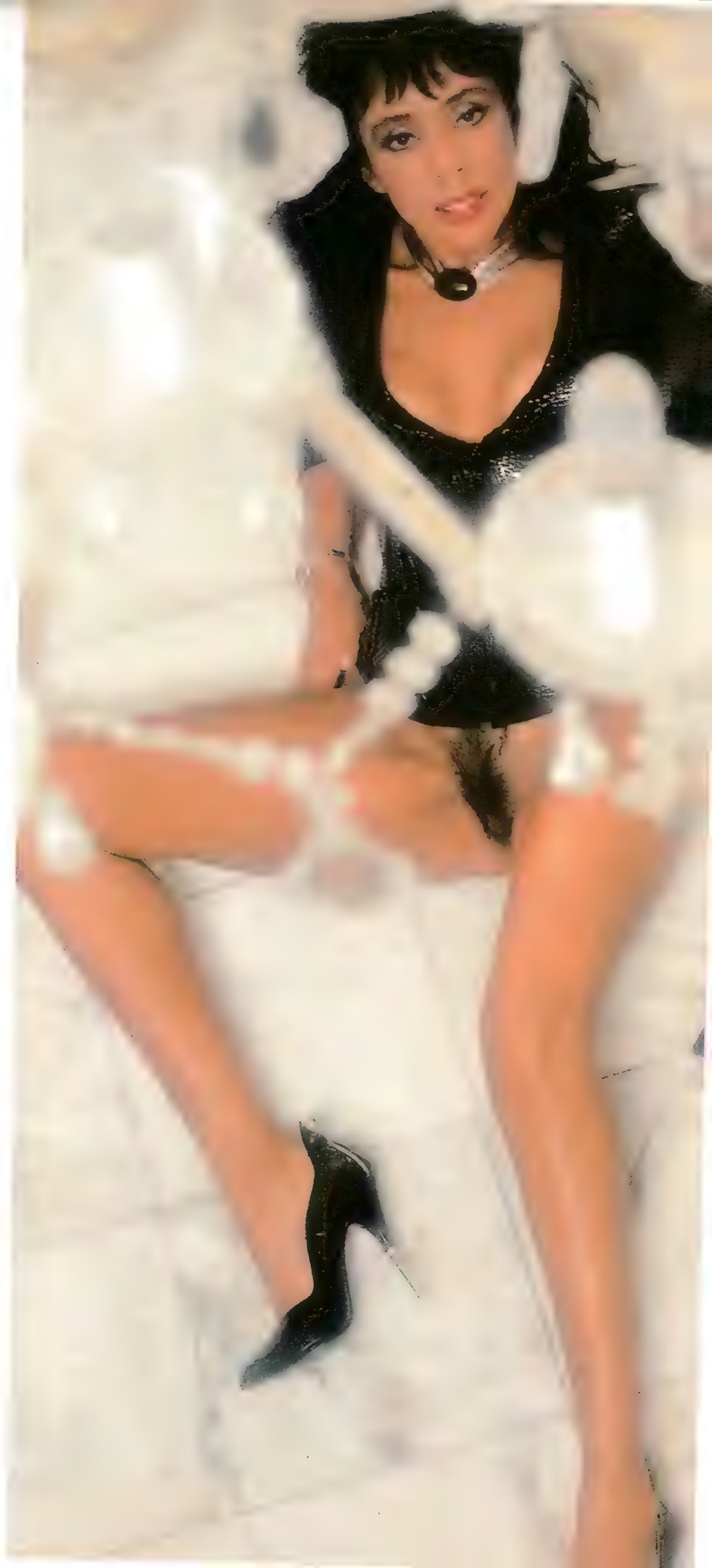
I told him that I'm half-Apache. He's really into the Indian thing."

Back in California, Cable and Christian continued their close relationship, but Shirley's marriage to Bill was sliding downhill. Shirley found him clinging and draining, and they constantly argued. And then there was Christian. She was sexually attracted to him and couldn't get that day in Tahiti out of her mind. Still, as a married woman the indiscretion troubled her, and she decided to avoid him. "It was too tempting being around Christian all the time," she recalls, "but I didn't want to hurt Bill."

Several years before she had met Bill Cable, Shirley found herself in a similar situation with her first husband. But on that occasion she was tempted into a relationship with someone few women could have resisted—Elvis Presley, the king of rock 'n' roll. "Greg, my husband, took me to the Hilton in Las Vegas where Elvis was performing," Shirley recalls. "Greg knew I was crazy about Elvis and got us a table in the front row. I wanted to get the King's attention that night and dressed real sexy. I knew he loved black-haired women, and to make certain he noticed me, I walked into the club after everybody was seated. During the show there was heavy eye contact between Elvis and me. Finally, he put down the mike and walked over to me. He put out his hands and I stood up and we embraced. Then we started to French-kiss. We kissed for at least 30 seconds, making out in front of the whole club and my husband."

"I thought I was going to faint, but Elvis wouldn't let me go. Greg was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164







HARD BODIES

Tom was tired of going to commercial health clubs. He hated the hassle of having to wait to use the equipment and was equally put off by the gyms' impersonal atmosphere. Then he met Sandy. "My fitness program is different from most others," she warned when Tom arrived for his introductory session. "Those pull-ups will help build up your deltoids and biceps, and there are more exercises that can strengthen your abdominals and pecs. But," she said coyly, "there are other, less obvious muscles that should not be neglected."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



Tom, being no dumbbell, quickly discovered the benefits of having a personal trainer. "It's always better to exercise with a partner," Sandy said breathlessly. Tom knew she was right. With Sandy there to coach him through each motion, he could easily reach the climax of his fitness career.





"You've had a tough workout. Now let me help you mellow down," the pretty instructor whispered to her new protégé.





Eager to learn as much as he could, Tom paid close attention. "This part really gets your juices flowing," Sandy explained. Tom had never realized just how much fun pumping iron could be.







All in all, Tom had to admit it had been a productive workout. "I find I have a real knack for turning limp wimps into men of steel," Sandy said with a smile. 